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# *Indian Summer*

*James Courtney Challiss*



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To Mr. Richard G. Badger, publisher of  
my first book of poems — gratefully, but  
respectfully.

Here's to the man who brought me out!  
And a trust it was not a sin;

But I gravely fear  
that within a year  
Hee will have to take me in.

James Courtney Challice.

November twenty-third, 1903.

*INDIAN SUMMER*  
*AND OTHER POEMS*









# *Indian Summer*

*And Other Poems*

By

*James Courtney Challiss*



Boston: 1903

Richard G. Badger

*The Gorham Press*



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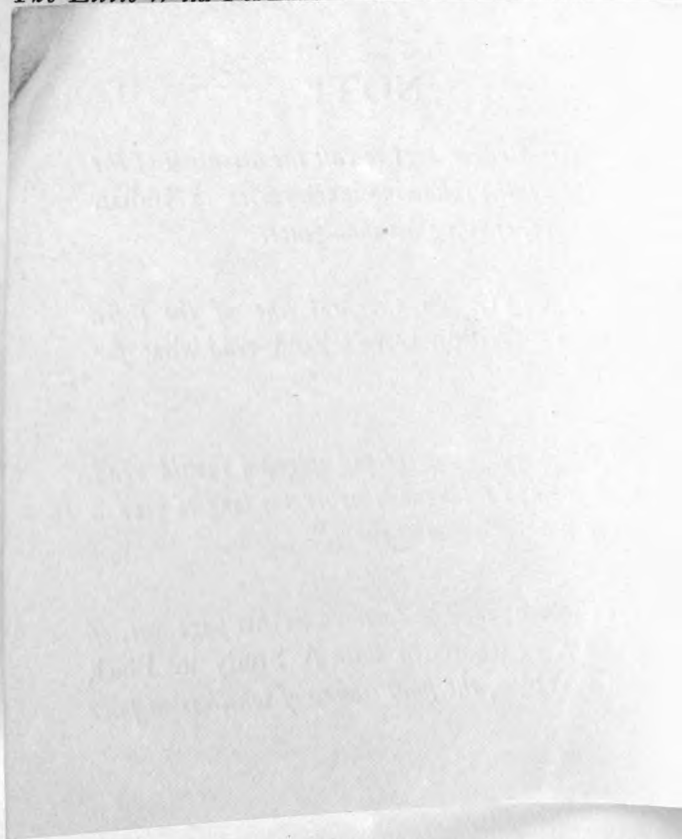
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# *The Sympathy of Nature*



## INDIAN SUMMER

The dreamy air, braced into silent bliss  
By the first frost's invigorating kiss,  
Is spiced with blue wood-smoke and redolent  
Of harvest-field—a rich and lingering scent;  
And drifting in the gold and purple haze  
That dims the sunshine of the autumn days,  
The vagrant cobwebs gleam like silver threads  
From grassy coverts rabbits lift their heads  
And sit erect with wide, distended eye  
And quivering nostrils, but to scurry by  
And hide within the hedge's thorny wall  
Where nervous little sparrows chirp and call.  
The larks upon the rusty fence-wire trill;  
“Bob White” from post-top sends his calling shrill  
While, with her half-grown brood, his mate speeds down  
The road, or “whir-r-rs” off to the meadow brown;  
Across the stubble-field the hawks fly low,  
And curious “snake-doctors” come and go,  
A restful silence fills the odorous air,  
A wealth of peace and plenty everywhere,  
While drowsy Nature brooding over all  
Breathes low her rich, triumphant song of Fall.

## A SUMMER DREAM

Twilight. Across the summer-haunted land—  
Pasture and meadow-streams, by soft breeze fanned,  
There comes the fragrant scent of clover bloom;  
The bat flies criss-cross in the deepening gloom;  
The kildees cry, and from the reeds, wind-stirred,  
The bull-frog's hoarse "Ah-rr-oomp! Ah-rr-oomp!" is heard;  
Down on the marsh the glow-worm lights his lamp;  
Half dreaming, I trudge down the lane, dew-damp,  
To bring the cows. "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!"

Afar the answering tinkle of a bell  
Drifts dreamily across the hills, to tell  
Me they are coming home. I turn my ear  
And listen. Far and faint again I hear  
The "tinkle—tink-le—tink!—" as from the rill  
They wander slowly homeward o'er the hill,  
Pressing with heavy feet the dew-wet grass.  
As, in an idle revery, I pass  
Along—my song: "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!"

I reach the worm-drilled stile, where ends the lane;  
Here, lingering in the vesper gloom, again  
I turn my ear to listen. Clear, this time,  
And closer now, drifts in the soft, sweet chime  
Of cow-bells—"tinkle—tink-le—tink!—" a sound  
That to my heart is melody profound,  
As in the dusk I watch those moving stars—  
The fire-flies. Now they're here; pass thro' the bars;  
I hush my cry—"Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!"

## A GYPSY SONG

Sing high, sing low !  
Where the gypsy-winds blow  
Through the shimmering leaves overhead,  
Where the wild berries grow  
In the thickets below  
And the shallow stream laughs in its bed.

Sing high, sing long !  
Sing a joy-woven song  
To the bare-footed girl of the plain;  
To the gypsy boy strong  
As he whistles along  
In the beat of the sun or the rain.

Sing high, sing wise  
To the deep-burning eyes  
Of the black-bearded man of the road !  
For a hate may arise,  
And his hate never dies  
Till he's borne away life's final load.

Sing high, sing fair !  
To the brown baby there,  
Swinging low in a hammock of bark  
As the night fills the air  
And the fagot-fires flare,  
Painting red silhouettes on the dark.



Sing high, sing best  
To the weather-tanned breast  
Of the wandering mother and wife,  
With the wind of the West  
Sing a song of unrest  
That shall tell of her vagabond life;

Of the shadows she's crossed,  
Of her heart, sorrow-tossed,  
Of the care in her wrinkle-seamed face;  
Of the pain and the cost  
Of the children she's lost  
In the trail over earth's desert-place.

## THE SYMPATHY OF NATURE

I went to Nature in my grief  
And laid my head upon her breast,  
Where I have ever found relief  
When with the trials of life oppress'd.

"Oh, friend," I cried with aching heart,  
"The secret of thy soul confess,  
In confidence to me impart  
A simple rule for Happiness."

"Let all thy thoughts be pure and white,  
As are the calla's lips," she said;  
"Thy love be like the rose's heart,  
A shrine of fragrance, warm and red."

## LINES TO A LARK

Precursor of the slowly dawning day,  
Wee dweller of the early-morning sky—  
Alone in that vast solitude of gray  
From whence comes thy prolonged and punctual cry,

Which echoes clearly through the hollow space  
As up thou tak'st thy undulating flight,  
Thy spiral course to that exalted place,—  
A trembling speck against the dizzy height.

Master of air, winged harbinger of light,  
Sole occupant of heaven's o'er-arching roof,  
Whose wings blow out the last pale stars of night,  
Whose song is e'er the lazy sun's reproof,

What see'st thou from those aerial altitudes ?  
A thousand fantasies of light in one,  
The changing dawn in all its various moods,  
The blood-red cradle of the waking sun ?

O, winged worshipper of sun and sky,  
O, consecrated singer of the air !  
I ask not for thy voice, nor power to fly,  
But this my earnest wish—my humble prayer:

Teach me thy creed of time, and give to me—  
Still weighted down unto this soulless sod,  
Thy diligence and punctuality;  
Then—vision of the spiral route to God.

## AT TWILIGHT

At sun-down, as I pass along  
The hedge, the thrush sings me this song:

*Troo-ee-dle-woit*

*Troo-ee-dle-woit*

*Troo-ee-dle-woit!"*

A thousand different tones to hear—  
Inimitably sweet and clear,  
But none so often as the queer

*"Troo-ee-dle-woit*

*Troo-ee-dle-woit,*

*Troo-ee-dle-woit!"*

And farther down the wooded way  
I hear the scolding of the jay:

*"Tee-totle!*

*Tee-totle!"*

A chiding harsh, but then, you see,  
He'd have me a "teetotler" be;  
So that is why he says to me:

*"Tee-totle!*

*Tee-totle!"*

From out the clump of brier that bends,  
Above the stream, the cat-bird sends:

*"Qui-air-r-r!*

*Qui-air-r-r!*

*Qui-air-r-r!"*

A very crabbed song he sings;  
War-like, and full of threatenings,

This challenge bold at me he flings:

“*Qui-air-r-r!*”

*Qui-air-r-r!*

*Qui-air-r-r!*’

Above the twittering lullabies

Of all the rest, the red-bird cries:

“*Wharr-eet!*”

Choo, choo, choo!’”

Go to the woods some summer night

At dusk; sit in the fading light;

Listen, and see if I’m not right.

“*Wharr-eet!*”

Choo, choo, choo!’”

## SOLITUDE

The drunken sun—his red and purple wines

Flung low across the sky—has taken flight;

Afar, and faint, just swimming into sight,

The lone, dim-lighted star of evening shines;

The twilight shadows stretch in length’ning lines

Along the mountain-side where fades the light,

And on the black infinitude of night

Stand out, like sentinels, the stately pines.

Among the tall trees’ slowly swaying limbs

The soft-voiced wind, in melancholy mood,

Throughout the gloom chants low its vesper hymns;

The night is mute, except when zephyr-wooded,

And in the air a magic stillness swims—

The deep and solemn hush of solitude.

## IN MORNING-GLORY TOWN

Down a crooked path I go  
In the early hours of day,  
Where the spicy breezes blow  
And the wind-stirred grasses sway.  
Ah, the dainty folk I meet  
In this narrow little street  
As in dreamland I go down  
Into Morning-Glory Town!

Little faces—funnel shape,  
Scarlet, purple, pink and blue,  
Little heads that bow and scrape,  
Velvet lips that drink the dew.  
Little eyes so sweet and pure  
You would love them, I am sure,  
If with me you would go down  
Into Morning-Glory Town.

There the streets are always green,  
Curbed with ever growing vine;  
Gypsy winds blow in between  
With a fragrance faint and fine.  
And the faithful birds and bees  
Kiss the little blooms and trees  
Every morn when I do down  
Into Morning-Glory Town.

Come, then, wee child, take my hand  
While the snowflakes fly above,  
And we'll wander to the land  
Of the blossoms that we love;

And we'll tell the waking flowers  
All the secrets that are ours—  
Hasten then and we'll go down  
Into Morning-Glory Town.

## JULY

Down the flower'd field she walks,  
Through the blossom-scented breeze;  
Brushing past the slender stalks  
Where the softly droning bees—  
Little golden bandits—go,  
Freighting honey to and fro.

Songbirds, in a sweeter strain,  
Pipe her pretty tunes the while,  
And the bowing fields of grain  
Ripen 'neath her sunny smile;  
At her touch the orchards blush  
And the whisp'ring leaves all hush.

Silent now the pasture-lands  
Where the lazy cattle graze;  
'Neath the magic of her hands  
Sun-kissed meadows lie a-haze.  
All of Nature, resting shy,  
Greets her as she passes by.

## MARLOW HOLLOW

Take me back to Marlow Hollow  
Where in boyhood days I played;  
Once again, oh let me follow  
Thro' those quiet paths of shade  
Where the squirrels e'er were swinging  
In the trees along the way,  
And the birds were always singing—  
Dear old haunts of yesterday!

Let me thro' the tangled wildwood  
Wade again the shallow stream.  
Ah, those happy days of childhood  
When I used to lie and dream  
In the summer noontides hazy!  
When I slept without a fear  
'Neath the wild plum thickets mazy,  
Back in Marlow Hollow dear.

Let me go again and ramble  
O'er the bluffs I used to know,  
Midst the wild grape-vine and bramble  
Where the sweet dew-berries grow;  
And, with basket full of mosses,  
Let me rest upon the beam  
Of the little bridge that crosses  
Over Marlow Hollow stream.

When the twilight dim is falling  
Purple on the alder boughs,  
Thro' the winding pathway, calling,  
Let me go to find the cows—

Wand'ring as the shadows soften;  
Let me hear the tinkle clear  
Of the bells I heard so often  
Back in Marlow Hollow dear.

## THE WIND OF THE WEST

O, the wind blows in from West today,  
The wind blows in from West!  
It bends the grass as it sweeps along  
The prairie wide, and its voice so strong  
And wild, to me is a tender song  
When the wind blows in from West.

O, the wind blows in from West today,  
It blows with strange unrest!  
Now loudly whistling, shrill and high;  
Now soft and low, like the plaintive cry  
Of sobbing child. And I sigh and sigh  
When the wind blows in from West.

O, the wind blows in from West today!  
Rest, lonesome heart, O, rest!  
For all its whisperings seem to say:  
"From o'er the prairies, so far away,  
To you he'll surely come back some day  
When the wind blows in from West."





# *Poems of Love and Sentiment*



## ONCE IN A GOLDEN TWILIGHT

Once in a golden twilight,  
When the busy day was done,  
And the cares of the world, so noisy,  
Had gone with the dying sun,  
You sat at my side, little sweetheart,  
And sang to me softly and low—  
A song that I've never forgotten  
But it seems so long ago.

Once in a golden twilight,  
When the shadows began to creep,  
I gave you my love, little sweetheart,  
Forever, forever to keep,  
And then in my arms I enfolded  
You—kissed you so tenderly, oh,  
The joy of that love-laden hour,  
But it seems so long ago!

And now in the golden twilight  
I'm watching and waiting for you;  
Ah, will you come back to me, sweetheart,  
With a heart ever tender and true?  
Come back once again to your lover,  
No more from his keeping to go,  
And together we'll dream in the twilight—  
That twilight of long ago.

## “WHILE WAITING FOR THE FREIGHT”

(TO MY WIFE)

At a lone and dreary station  
Of a little country town  
That lies dreaming on the prairie  
As the sleepy sun goes down,  
I am sitting in the twilight  
Writing you this little song—  
Waiting, waiting, idly waiting  
For the “Freight” to come along.

One by one, far up above me,  
Little stars begin to glow;  
Soft night-winds are gently rising,  
Whispering so sweet and low,  
As if bearing me a message  
From the lips I knew of late—  
Just a tender thought to cheer me  
While I’m waiting for the “Freight.”

And I think how many thousand  
Fellow-travelers on the road,  
Like myself, are sad and lonely—  
Bearing manfully their load;  
Far away from those who love them,  
Toiling early, toiling late,  
And my heart goes out to greet them  
While I’m waiting for the “Freight.”

(26)

And I hope that when my journeys  
Here on earth at last are o'er,  
I may board the "Freight" that's headed  
For the dim and distant shore;  
And I'll trust the great Conductor,  
For His train is never late.  
Fellow-travelers, get ready  
While you're waiting for the "Freight."

## THE DISTANT SHORE

The sailor is sailing the stormy sea  
Where the wind is high and the waves run mad,  
And the bent masts creak complainingly  
Till his hopeless heart is dull and sad.  
Then all of a sudden the pulse goes strong,  
And he laughs at the water's mighty roar,  
And out of his heart there comes a song  
For the sail that shall bear him home again  
To the ones who watch at the window-pane  
Of the little house on the distant shore.

And I am sailing the sea of life,  
Where the winds and storms oft beat about;  
And my weary heart is adark with strife,  
For great clouds come and the sun goes out.  
Then quick my soul is aflame with light,  
And my hope-filled heart is strong once more;  
And I press on fearlessly day and night,  
Sailing ahead o'er the bounding main  
To those who watch at the window-pane  
Of heaven, upon the distant shore.

## I WONDER

If you were poor and I were rich,  
I wonder how 'twould be,  
And if I'd be as mean to you  
As you have been to me.  
I wonder if I'd never give  
To you a single cent,  
And put you in the street because  
You couldn't pay your rent.

If you should come some wintry night  
And kindly ask for bread,  
Saying the little ones were cold  
And crying to be fed,  
I wonder if I would refuse  
And tell you to begone!  
I wonder if I could say "no,"  
And let them hunger on.

If you should come to me in tears  
And, sobbing softly, say:  
"Oh, sir, my little boy is dead—  
Please help me—help me pay  
The man—the man to bury him."  
Would I from where you stood  
Turn cold away without a word?  
I wonder if I would.

I wonder if I'd selfish be  
And hoard away my gold,  
And never give to charity—  
To all appeals be cold.

For if I would, and had no aim  
Beyond this, I am sure  
That I can say most earnestly:  
“Thank God that I am poor!”

## THE EASTER MESSAGE

After the dreary winter,  
The snow and the bitter cold,  
To greet the woodland's incense  
And watch the flowers unfold,  
Again in the leafing branches  
The song of the birds to hear,  
To feel in the heart a pleasure  
That is strangely sweet and dear;

This is the Easter message  
That God to us sends each year,  
As if, in His loving mercy,  
Our wearying souls He'd cheer  
With this most gracious promise:  
“The sorrowing hearts of men  
Shall, after the resurrection,  
Like flowers blossom again.”

Christ is risen! O hearken,  
The sound of the Easter bells!  
Christ is risen! The chiming  
Rises and softly swells;  
’Till it seems the whole world's ringing  
With a joy that is deep and strong,  
And the air is afloat with music  
Of the echoing Easter song!



## THE LIGHT

“Open the window, Mother dear,  
And let me breathe the fragrant air  
That blows in from the garden where  
The flowers bloom. And let me hear  
The chorus of the birds that sing  
Within the trees, for it will bring  
To my faint heart a little cheer.  
Please, Mother dear—  
It seems so close and hot in here.”

She raised the window. Full and free  
The sun-kissed air came streaming in  
Upon his face so pale and thin;  
The song of birds—in rapturous glee—  
Fell on his ear. He smiled, and then  
The eyelids closed; he slept again,  
The mother holding tenderly  
The outstretched hand,  
For well she seemed to understand.

“Open the shutter, Mother dear,  
It's growing dark—I cannot see.  
Let in the light—sit close to me,  
That I may feel your presence near.  
Let in the sunlight from the sky—  
The light that's pure and free, that I  
May see your face again. Bend near—  
Ah, there's the light!  
Good-by, dear Mother—good—good-night.”

The light had come—the radiant light  
Of angels bending o'er him low,  
The light which but the dead can know,  
Which guides the soul upon its flight  
To that far land of peace and rest;  
The Heavenly light which, last and  
best,  
Illumines through the darkest night.

## WITHIN LOVE'S FOLD

What tho' clouds fill life's changing skies,  
And all the world in darkness lies?  
By that soft light which from thine eyes  
Falls full on me  
I still can see.

What tho' cold winds sweep o'er the strand,  
And grim Misfortune walks the land?  
The fervent touch of thy dear hand  
Will keep me warm  
And safe from harm.

hat tho' the song-birds all are still,  
And silence reigns o'er vale and hill?  
Thy voice with music yet shall fill  
My soul with song  
And make it strong.

## THE FOUR PURSUITS

I followed Pleasure. Over sun-lit fields  
Traversed by drowsy dream-winds that allure,  
Through paths on to the height that ever yields  
A danger new, he led me fast and sure:  
Through days of folly, nights of game and chance,  
Until—nerve-wasted by the ceaseless dance,  
The dissipation and extravagance—  
I reached the end of this insipid round  
Of dreams and shadow-pictures dim, and found  
Naught but a bubble  
For all my trouble.

Then Beauty—with her self-complacent smile,  
And promising an eye-feast most divine—  
Bade me to come and follow her awhile  
Into the little world of beauty-shine.  
So, in obedience to her request,  
With foolish eagerness I onward pressed  
Seeking the rainbow and the sunset grand,  
To hold them for a moment in my hand.  
Vain hope of things so fair—delusion, snare!  
For, reaching now the once long-distant There  
Whence I was madly drawn  
I found them faded—gone.

Then fickle Love came saunt'ring slowly by  
And took my hand with an imploring sigh,  
Giving to me a sweet impassioned kiss  
Which, faith-sown, gave a hint of higher bliss.  
And, like a fool, I followed far and near,  
Now joyed with hope, tormented now with fear,

Until (the soul dried up with passion-fire  
And useless longing—unfulfilled desire)  
I found myself alone, as at the start,  
With naught but pain in my forgotten heart—  
    The aching pain, the sting  
    That disappointments bring.

Then plain-faced Duty, with a dreamless soul  
    That triumphs o'er the latent fires of love  
And sin, bade me to come and seek the goal  
    Where life is earnest as the stars above,  
Sincere and sacred, free from all pretense  
And vanities that dull and blind the sense,  
So, following on many a faithful round  
This simple guide by day or night, I found  
Not only peace and consolation true,  
But hidden deep a truth I never knew:  
    That Pleasure, Love and Beauty  
    Were all enwrapped in Duty.

## THE TRUEST WEALTH

The truest wealth is love: it knows no caste,  
    But smiles alike upon the rich and poor,  
As faithful to the present as the past;  
    Through all life's changing scenes it will endure,  
And, as the mountain, even after death;  
    For love is but the bosom's hallowed prize,  
Affection's holy fragrance, Nature's breath—  
    As endless and immortal as the skies.

## BOOKS AND MEN

How closely men resemble books!  
For instance, when one merely looks  
At covers dull, or bright with sheen,  
He ne'er can tell what is between,  
Until he reads. A gaudy dress  
May be the cloak of emptiness,  
While bindings, plain and poor and thin,  
May hold a wealth of thought within.

Men are like books! Made page by page  
To count the records of their age,—  
Telling a story all may read,  
Trying to sow achievement's seed,  
Delving in mysteries of the deep,  
The open plain, the mountain steep;  
Spreading the wisdom of the world,  
And keeping freedom's flag unfurled.

Like books, some men are good, some bad,  
Some humorous, some dull and sad,  
Some shallow, others strong and deep;  
Some swiftly move, while others creep,  
Some are but fiction, others truth,  
Some reach old age, some die in youth;  
But just a few can dimly see  
The goal of immortality!

## IF THOU WOULDST WIN

If thou wouldst win, work hard from morn till night;  
Whate'er thou doest do with all thy might.  
Who touches light life's river as it flows,  
Its warmest, deepest current never knows;  
So wade far out into the stream and free,  
And do with earnestness what falls to thee.

Aim high: to lofty purpose lend thy power,  
For low intention doth all hope devour.  
And struggle bravely on, each day to get  
A little higher up life's ladder. Yet  
Go slow, lest going fast, thou fallest down;  
Strive not to wear too soon the victor's crown.

And persevere: let nothing ever force  
Thee back discouraged from thy chosen course,  
But battle on, all obstacles despite:  
There is no victory without a fight.  
Above all, love thy work with zealous heart!  
Success doth from indifference stand apart.

## THE NIGHT HAWK

A grim, fast-flying herald of the night,  
The warp and woof of whose untiring flight  
Is woven in the wind's mysterious loom  
As swiftly he wheels through the twilight gloom.  
Etched dark against the timber lines he darts  
Zigzag, then swoops and curves, then upward starts  
And sweeps with his sharp-pointed wings the skies,  
Their hollow spaces echoing his cries.

## LOVE IS SWEET

The glow of sunset lies on lake and land.  
I touch your cheek, your hair—and then my hand  
Slips into yours, to make you understand  
That love is sweet.

The colors fade from out the changing skies;  
The hush of twilight on the water lies;  
Can I not read within your azure eyes  
That love is sweet?

Ah, no—they give me no responsive glow!  
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of woe.  
You do not know, fair one, you do not know  
That love is sweet.

The world is dark and cold, the skies are gray.  
My heart, still hoping, turns to you alway  
And finds its rest. Oh, may you know some day  
That love is sweet.

And when that wondrous waking comes to you—  
A deep and mighty soul-love known to few,  
Oh, may it be for him who tells you true  
That love is sweet.

## PRAYER

Prayer is the soul's telegraphy—  
Its message from the sod,  
Which on the unseen wire of faith  
Goes flashing up to God.

## I DID NOT KNOW

O, little sweetheart mine, I did not know,  
'Till you were gone, that I would miss you so,  
Nor yet the sweetness of your evening song;  
I did not know the twilights were so long.

I did not know, until you went away,  
There were so many hours in a day;  
And that the night, so desolately drear  
And full of loneliness, would seem a year.

I did not know the winds would cry for you,  
And that the garden birds would miss you, too;  
Nor that the little flowers about the stoop  
Where we so often sat, would fade and droop.

But O, the winds, the birds, the flowers—ah, yes,  
They join me in my wretched loneliness;  
They press around me in my aimless track,  
And seem to wonder why you don't come back.

I did not know how much I loved you, dear,  
Nor how I'd long and long your voice to hear.  
O, little sweetheart mine, I did not know,  
'Till you were gone, that I would miss you so.



## AT MILKING-TIME

At milking-time, one evening long ago,  
I met her, fell in love with her just so:

She milked. I brushed the flies.

And when I saw her eyes,  
I kissed her by surprise at milking-time.

I did not say I loved her—soft and low,  
But simply let my silence tell her so.

Her little hand I pressed—

Ah, me! And then she guessed  
It—granted my request at milking-time.

And then I milked for her at eventide,  
So still and beautiful—she at my side.

Two years went by. A prize

God sent us from the skies:

A boy to fan the flies at milking-time.

But now they've gone—I've been alone for years  
At milking-time. Excuse these childish tears,

For I can't keep them back,

'Cause she and little Jack

Will never more come back at milking-time.

## BLINDNESS

A man went forth with prayer-lips toward the sky,

To help mankind and make life more complete;

Invoking God, he held his head so high

He stumbled o'er the beggar at his feet.

# THE FAIR VIOLINIST

(TO MISS LELAND)

Over the strings of her violin  
The delicate bow is sweeping slow;  
The passionate eyes are aflame within,  
And the restless fingers, white and thin,  
Measure the melody's ebb and flow!

Listen! She's playing a reverie,  
Her face a gleam with the magic theme!  
It is like the song of fairies free  
Echoing over a twilight sea—  
The kind of a thing that makes men dream.

Again! 'Tis a great Wagnerian air.  
She feels it—every nerve's athrob  
With the savage music of despair!  
And the double stops go mad — and there!  
What's that? Did you hear that long-drawn sob?

She plays again. 'Tis the Demons' Dance—  
Fantastical in its varied beat.  
Now slow, and now — with a quick'ning glance—  
She's bowing fast! Thro' the wild romance  
You can hear the rhythmic tread of feet!

Ah, this is a theme of love! In part,  
It hath turned her spirit into fire.  
The tones are drawn from her very heart,  
So full and sweet that your senses start  
With the maddening melody of desire!

## AT MILKING-TIME

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I met her, fell in love with her just so:  
She milked. I brushed the flies.  
And when I saw her eyes,  
I timed her by surprise at milking-time.

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But simply let my silence tell her so.  
Her little hand I pressed—  
Ah, me! And then she guessed  
It—granted my request at milking-time.

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So still and beautiful—she at my side.  
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God sent us from the skies:  
A boy to fan the flies at milking-time.

But now they've gone—I've been alone for years  
At milking-time. Excuse these childish tears,  
For I can't keep them back,  
'Cause she and little Jack  
Will never more come back at milking-time.

## BLINDNESS

A man went forth with prayer-lips toward the sky,  
To help mankind and make life more complete;  
Invoking God, he held his head so high  
He stumbled o'er the beggar at his feet.

It is like the sea,  
Echoing over  
The land.

Again! 'Tis  
She feels it  
With the surge  
And the downer  
What's that

She plays again  
Fantastically  
Now slow, and  
She's bowing  
You can hear

Alas, this is a  
It hath  
The tones  
So full and  
With

## SONG OF ABSENCE

I saw her once, one little while!  
My whole life lighted with her smile—  
    Love's blushing dawn.  
A fond caress, a moment's bliss,  
A promise and a parting kiss,  
And she was gone.

To me each day now seems a year;  
I long and long to have her near  
    When twilight falls;  
Within my soul sweet memories stir,  
And out in loneliness to her  
    My sad heart calls!

But time will pass; and till the day  
We meet again, I humbly pray  
    That she will be  
True to herself, above the rest,  
For by so doing she can best  
    Be true to me.

## SMILES AND FROWNS

A smile is but the shining bright  
    Of joy-stars in the sky of life;  
A frown the shadow of a strife  
Which, cloud-like, intercepts the light.

## MY LITTLE LOVE

My little love,  
Whose eyes of blue  
From skies above  
Their color drew,  
Hath lips that bear the poppy's flame,  
And cheeks that put the rose to shame.

My little love  
Hath heart of gold,  
The realms above  
No truer hold;  
'Till sun and moon shall cease to be,  
I know she will be true to me.

My little love  
Hath soul so white,  
The stars above  
Have caught its light;  
And after—afterwhile they'll know  
The reason why I love her so.

## A STORM

A fearful wind swept through the land  
And devastated every part;  
With cruel, unrelenting hand,  
Pursuing fast its deadly art,  
It turned all life to desert sand.  
The wind was Grief; the land, my heart.

## WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH

Why don't you laugh, young man, when troubles come,  
Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You cannot have *all* play,  
And sunshine *every* day;

When troubles come, I say why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help to soothe  
The aches and pains. No road in life is smooth;

There's many an unseen bump,  
And many a hidden stump

O'er which you'll have to jump. Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your spirits wilt.

Don't sit and cry because the milk you've spilt;

If you would mend it, now,

Pray let me tell you how:

Just milk another cow! Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us all laugh, too,

And keep us mortals all from getting blue?

A laugh will always win;

If you can't laugh, just grin—

Come on, let's all join in! Why don't you laugh?

## FATE

Fate is a little clock that tells  
The time when men may laugh or weep,  
It never stops—its faithful bells  
Strike when they wake or when they sleep.

The hand upon its dial'd face  
Now points to "Joy." But ah, how brief;  
For, moving on a little space,  
Within an hour it points to "Grief."

Today it points to "Victory,"  
To "Health and Ease," to "Worldly Gain;"  
Tomorrow—"Loss" and "Poverty"  
And then to "Sickness" and to "Pain."

And so around the cycle strange,  
Controlled by some mysterious breath,  
It moves with ever constant change  
Until it finally points to "Death,"—

That black-faced figure, grim and queer,  
A muffled bell—a final knock,  
And then, alas, no more we hear  
The ticking of the little clock.



## LOVE AND WAR

When I hear the martial music  
Of the bugle's stirring cry,  
And the band is playing gayly  
As the volunteers go by—  
'Neath the dear old flag that's waving  
In the breezes, to and fro,  
My old heart grows patriotic,  
And I somehow long to go.

But at bedtime when I carry  
Sweet Elizabeth upstairs—  
Kneeling silently beside her  
While she says her little prayers—  
And she kisses me so sweetly,  
With her arms about me, so—  
I don't think I'll join the army,  
I somehow don't want to go.

## WARNING

Let me write with an aim:  
As a moth to the flame,  
So is man unto sin,—  
Little danger therein  
If he simply look on;  
But if close he be drawn  
To the dazzling fire,  
It will leap with desire  
And, on reaching the goal,  
Put a scar on his soul.

## MY LOVE IS A POEM

My Love is a poem, her virtue the thought,  
Her eyes the bright language by which I am caught;  
Her grace is the rhythm, her smile is the rhyme,  
Her voice is the accent, that gives me the time;  
Her mood is the style, ever witty and bright;  
Her lips the true measure that gives me delight.

Ah, dear little poem of beauty and worth—  
I love her more truly than any on earth!  
I read her each day and find more to adore,  
Find truth that I never discovered before;  
And best, a heart-message between every line  
Of this neat little, sweet little poem of mine.

## O WHY DESPAIR!

What is despair? A dry, low-trailing wind  
That blows the heart's flame out and leaves it blind;  
That sweeps the tortured mind of all its light,  
And wheels the beggared soul into the night.  
A wind that locks the ear to pleasant sound;  
That makes the eye cleave ever to the ground,  
Unconscious of a better, higher reach  
That robs the tongue of all its gentle speech—  
The prayers it knew, the good it used to tell;  
A hot, soul-shriv'ling wind—the wind of hell.

## 'TIS IN KANSAS

Where is corn a mighty king,  
Wheat a ruler, bold and strong,  
Where does Autumn always bring  
To our ears a bounteous song—  
Bring us thought of peace and plenty,  
Crown our lot with love sublime,  
And impress us with the grandeur  
Of the golden harvest-time?  
'Tis in Kansas.

Where do honest men and women  
Drink from Fortune's generous cup,  
Where are daughters pure and honest,  
Where do noble sons grow up?  
Where do industry and patience  
Bring all honest men success  
And reward them with a final  
Crown of peace? Ah—can't you guess?  
'Tis in Kansas.

## WHAT ARE TEARS

What are tears ?

But vapory clouds upstealing  
From the troubled soul—a mist concealing  
From the heart the sun of hope and life;  
Silent, sad proclaimers of our strife.

What are tears ?

But drops of joy ascending  
From hearts o'erflowed with happiness; a mending,  
Healing salve that gives the soul relief,  
And sets adrift the dark'ning clouds of grief.

## A PRAYER

As at the close of day  
The child, tired out with play  
And weary of the wind and sun,  
Comes home to sleep, and rest  
Upon its mother's breast,  
Secure, glad that the day is done,—

So, Father, at the close  
Of life, when all the woes—  
The bitter strife—is o'er, let me,  
Thy child, weary of pain,  
Come home to Thy domain  
And ever safely rest in Thee.

## MY KIND O' POETRY

I've read a sight o' poetry  
An' writin's in my time,  
Some jest as rhymin' as could be,  
An' some 'at didn't rhyme.  
I've read the kind 'at 's soft an' low,  
I've read o' the battle's din;  
An' sentymental stuff, you know,  
With purple twilights in;  
But the kind o' writin' 'at pleases me  
An' my very soul delights,  
Is the ev'ry-day sort o' poetry  
James Whitcomb Riley writes.

Guess I ain't got no kind o' taste  
Fer the songs o' whisperin' trees,  
Er the whistlin' wind o' the desert waste,  
Er the moan o' the restless seas—  
Fer whilse they's fine an' full o' rhyme,  
An' bilin' over 'ith art,  
They don't never seem to me to climb  
Right into a feller's heart  
Like Riley's does. They's good enough  
Fer some—these dreamy flights  
O' rhyme, but just give me the stuff  
James Whitcomb Riley writes.

When I read o' the fields o' clover sweet,  
With their swarms o' dusty bees,  
An' the birds 'at are singin' "chir-reet! chir-reet!"  
In the boughs o' the apple trees;  
An' the climbin' roses so red an' ripe  
'At grows by the humble door  
Where the poor man smokes 'is evenin' pipe  
When the work o' the day is o'er,—  
I somehow feel 'at it's bettered me,  
An' sort o' put things to rights.  
They's religion in the poetry  
James Whitcomb Riley writes.

They's sumpin' about it so good an' true,  
So nat'r'l like an' reel,  
'At a feelin' sweet my heart goes through,  
A kind o' a sad-sweet feel,  
Like a feller has when he shets 'is eyes  
An' listens to music dim  
An' soft, 'z if the angels in the skies  
Wuz singin' a song to him!  
An' so when I die—as I will, now mind  
Y', some o' these days er nights,—  
Jest read me easy a piece o' the kind  
James Whitcomb Riley writes.



# *In Lighter Vein*





## MY DAUGHTER'S LEARNED TO COOK

We used to have old fashioned things, like hominy and greens;  
We used to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans,  
But now its bouillon, consomme and things made from a book,  
And pot au feu and Julienne, since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat—  
And pickled pigs' feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat,  
While now it's fillet, and ragout, and leg of mutton braised,  
And macaroni au gratin and sheep's head Hollandaised,  
Escallops a la Versailles—a la this and a la that,  
And sweetbread a la Dieppoise—it's enough to kill a cat!  
But while I suffer deeply I invariably look  
As if I were delighted 'cause my daughter's learned to cook.

We have a lot of salad things, with dressing mayonnaise,  
In place of oysters, Blue Points, fricasseed a dozen ways,  
And orange roly poly, float, and peach meringue, alas,  
Enough to wreck a stomach that is made of plated brass!  
'The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat,  
We've lots of highfaluting things, but nothing much to eat.  
And, while I never say a word and always pleasant look,  
You bet I've had dyspepsia since my daughter learned to cook.

## HEART TROUBLE

A wintry afternoon. The air was cold.  
We met upon the ice. The story's old.  
A maid entrancing she—quite up to date!  
My heart was going at a lively rate,  
Was fairly burning up with love! And yet,  
From kneeling there my knees were cold and wet.

But what of that! A maid so fair to please  
Were worth the freezing of a dozen knees!  
And so I slowly fastened on her skates—  
My fingers stiff. Such pretty feet the Fates  
Had ne'er permitted me to see before!  
And then to think, alas, of gliding o'er  
The ice with her—those little hands to hold!  
My heart was burning, but my feet were cold.

At last I had them on. My hands were numb  
With cold. But now my sweet reward would  
come.

But when, alas, she gave a little cough,  
And with some other fellow skated off  
Right past my nose,  
My cup of joy prov'd but a broken cup!  
My heart no longer now was burning up—  
It simply froze.

¶ **MANY** a man who climbs to the top of the ladder doesn't  
know what to do after he gets there.

¶ **THE** human head is a great workshop, but some people  
have very few tools in it.

## A PHILOPENA

I took her out to dinner—she  
Was charming, I declare!  
It was, if you will pardon me,  
A very swell affair.

We had a dozen courses—each  
An epicurean dream.  
The last one, cobbler made of peach,  
With coffee, nuts and cream.

She found a double almond, so  
Suggested that we eat  
A philopena. “Yes or no?”  
I asked the maiden sweet.

“Well, let’s take No,” she answered gay,  
Her face with color fraught.  
“It is a go,” said I, “but, say,  
Take care you don’t get caught.”

At last I won; ’twas her mistake,  
This girl with eyes of blue.  
And when she said: “What will you take?”  
I simply answered, “You.”

¶ It takes a brave man to tell the truth where a lie would save him money.

¶ THE man who finds five dollars feels so good he goes out and spends twenty.

¶ If some people spent their time minding their own business, they wouldn’t have much to do.

## MY WAR GIRL

She wore a dress of navy blue,  
The collar white and blue and red;  
A striped belt—and stockings, too;  
A sailor hat was on her head.  
Red, white and blue her chatelaine;  
She had a flag beneath her chin,  
She wore a badge—"U. S. S. Maine,"  
A tiny cannon for a pin.

She wore a shell-comb in her hair,  
With army buttons all embossed;  
Some swords were also sticking there,  
And at her belt small rifles crossed.  
Her pocketbook was knapsack shape,  
Her smelling bottle a wee canteen  
Containing essence of "Crushed Grape"—  
The neatest thing I'd ever seen.

Her face was patriotic, too,  
And full of everlasting charms:  
Her cheeks were red, teeth white, eyes blue;  
She also had repeating arms.  
In fact, she was in "fighting trim,"  
So an "engagement" I did seek;  
And though my chance to win was slim,  
I cruised around about her cheek.

*Puff!* Suddenly she fired at me  
A perfect fusilade of smiles!  
It shook my heart "windward" to "lee,"  
Re-echoing for miles and miles!

My rapid-firing lips I turned  
Upon her then, (*for they were loaded*),  
But when the fast sent kisses burned,  
The powder on her face exploded!

## A DEVOURING LOVE

Fair Charlotte—it is she I love!  
She has such charming grace;  
No angel from the skies above  
Could ever take her place!  
'Twould be unfair to tell you why  
I often with her sup.  
Oh, my! She is so sweet that I  
Could almost eat her up!

Although she's dull as she can be,  
And soft (the little sinner),  
She often gets the best of me—  
Especially at dinner.  
Though cold, I like her just as well—  
I like her like the deuce!  
And now her *other* name I'll tell:  
Her name is Charlotte Russe.

❧ NEVER jump at conclusions; they are easily frightened.

❧ REGRET is the charge we pay upon the hasty thoughts we express.

❧ THE hand of misfortune is always extended, ready for a shake.

❧ Duty is nothing more than honesty, industry and patience.

## AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Pretty little Margaret  
Set my heart astir,  
For the very day we met  
I fell in love with her.  
Then, with almost daily rule,  
I'd wait around the block—  
Wait to take her home from school,  
Just at four o'clock.

Love's young dream ran swiftly on—  
Ah! what happy days!  
Soon the short school-years were gone,  
When we found our ways  
Led to church. The parson soon,  
Joined us in wedlock,  
One sweet Summer afternoon,  
Just at four o'clock.

Several years have slipped away—  
Years of sun and rain—  
Giving, I am glad to say,  
More of joy than pain.  
Now a little boy of three  
(Never stops to knock)  
Comes each morn to waken me  
Just at four o'clock!

¶ HALF of the men who try so hard to "keep ahead of the hounds," finally discover that the hounds are merely the shadows they cast while standing idly in the sun.

## I KISSED THE COOK

I kissed the cook—ah me, she was divine!  
Cheeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red as wine;  
    Long apron, with a bow,  
    A cap as white as snow—  
By far too tempting, so, I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook, this angel from the skies,  
And yet, I did not take her by surprise.  
    'Twas mean, I will allow,  
    But if you'll make the vow  
To keep it, I'll tell how I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook—poor, helpless little lass,  
The chance so good I could not let it pass.  
    Her hands were in the dough;  
    She *dare* not spoil, you know,  
My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook. I might have been more strong,  
But then I guess it wasn't *very* wrong,  
    For, just 'tween you and me,  
    The cook's my wife, is she,  
So I'd a *right*, you see, to kiss the cook.

¶ HALF of the men who attempt to take time by the forelock, make a mistake and get hold of his tail.

¶ A woman's tongue is never too long to give a man a shot at times.

¶ THE man who always agrees with you is either a fool or a liar.



## LIQUID AIR

Oh! the latest, greatest scientific wonder, I declare,  
Is the recently discovered liquefaction of the air  
Under pressure great. A cubic foot of liquid air, it's  
clear

Is the product of eight hundred cubic feet of atmosphere.  
It in color is like water—pale-blue tint, or nearly so,  
And its temperature is over three hundred below zero.

Wond'rous things are now predicted as to what this stuff  
will do,

And if you will only listen I'll enumerate a few:

It will cool your house in Summer, it will frost the heated  
streets,

And a spoonful in your ice-box will refrigerate your meats;  
Just a drop will cool a cannon after firing, and a cup  
Of this liquid air will even make a red-hot stove freeze up.

It will cool the fierce combatants that you see upon your  
rounds,

Chill at once their heated passions—even cauterize their  
wounds;

It will also cure diseases, it will kill the fever germ—

Freeze him up so very solid that he ne'er again will  
squirm;

It will run the locomotive, make the ocean steamer go,  
And they say that it will turn the fires of Hades into  
snow.

While this marvellous concoction may be used in many  
ways

To give man an everlasting lease of comfortable days,

*I would certainly be willing to take life with all its frets  
If this wondrous liquid air would only liquidate my debts!*

## HIS CHRISTMAS POEM

A poet once went to an editor old,  
And, speaking to him in a manner quite bold,  
He said: "Here's a fine Christmas poem for you,  
The metre is perfect, the idea's new."

In wonder, the editor lifted his head,  
And quickly and very sarcastically said,  
As his inquiring eyes gave a queer little stir:  
"Why, this is December 26th, my dear sir!"

"I know it," the poet then quickly replied,  
As he the old editor steadily eyed,  
"But this is for *next* Christmas, sir, you must know!"  
The out-witted editor simply said: "Oh."

## HE FEARED BANKRUPTCY

"I am in debt to you, I know.  
A world of owing this is!  
But if you'll call to-morrow, Joe,  
I'll pay you off in kisses."

And, knowing she had lovers right  
And left (yes, to his sorrow),  
He said: "You'd better pay to-night;  
You may be broke to-morrow."

## CUPID A-WHEEL

A dreamy Summer afternoon,  
The sky was clear;  
I went a-wheeling—heart in tune—  
With Phyllis dear.  
Past fragrant fields and o'er the hills  
We rode along;  
Then followed slow the winding rills,  
Whose laughing song  
Re-echoed thro' the slumb'ring wood.  
Here, riding slow,  
I trembling touched the hand I would  
She should bestow.  
But just as I had courage found—  
My heart afire,  
There came a fizzing, hissing sound—  
A punctured tire:  
And Cupid flew away, half scared.  
But then the wound  
We very quickly cured—repaired  
With tape around.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But soon another hurt befell—  
A little dart;  
I felt a pain, I scarce could tell—  
A punctured heart!  
'Twas then a way I found to heal it:  
Love-pierced hearts, take heed to this:  
As quick as ever you can steal it,  
Seal the puncture with a kiss.

¶ A MAN is never so poor that he cannot borrow trouble without security.

## THE POTATO AND THE STRAWBERRY

One time a big potato grew  
Besides a small strawberry red.  
They into conversation drew,  
And this is what Strawberry said:—  
“I’m glad that I am not like you—  
’Way down beneath the ground, so deep,  
Where it is dark and chilly—*Boo!*  
It makes my ‘runners’ fairly creep!  
But you’re too dirty to be seen—  
That’s why you hide your head, I guess;  
Your face is scarcely *ever* clean,  
You’re just a lump of ugliness!  
While *I* am beautiful, you see,  
And sweet and fair—complexion fine;  
The people fairly worship *me*,  
They say that I am just divine!”

The old Potato rubbed his eyes,  
And, speaking slowly, answered thus:—  
“The vain, you know, are seldom wise;  
And those who make the greatest fuss  
About themselves, oft know the least.  
Beauty’s a thing that quickly dies,  
And sweetness an insipid feast  
For all but girls and butterflies.  
’Tis true I’m ugly, old, and queer,  
And make my home beneath the ground,  
But while *you* last a month, my dear,  
*I* am on hand the whole year ’round.

So listen, while Potato sings  
To you a truth, my little Miss:  
Not always are the prettiest things  
Most useful—just remember this.”

## A STUDY IN FRUIT

She's canning fruit.  
An apron large—all purple-stained and red,—  
Almost envelopes her from foot to head.  
Her sleeves are rolled; her dainty wrists are bare;  
A pure white cap adorns her golden hair,  
Which, with the cheeks aflame—eyes bluely gray  
Completes a picture that—what shall I say?—  
That's simply cute!

She's canning fruit  
This week. She's making jam, and jelly too,  
And water-melon pickles—just a few,  
She stirs and tastes, and tastes and stirs, to tell  
When things are done, and makes the jelly “jell”  
Just grand! And, all in all, it's quite an art,  
For some things must be sweet and others tart—  
All tastes to suit.

She's canning fruit.  
Preserves of almost every kind she's made,  
And now has started in on marmalade!  
And as I watch her, to my heart there comes  
A fragrance sweet—born not of cooking plums  
But burning love! I've this regret, you see:  
That Dorothy's not canning fruit for me,  
While canning fruit.

## A SONG OF THANKS

I'm thankful for the blessings which  
To me each day are sent,  
And that my landlord, kind and rich,  
Has now reduced my rent;  
And that he put it very low  
(I'm thankful for all such),  
And figured that by doing so  
He wouldn't lose so much.

I thank my butcher every day  
For little favors done,  
The baker just across the way  
Who lets my bread-bills run;  
The man who makes the candle-stick,  
Because his bill is light,  
I thank all those who sell on "tick"—  
*They're* certainly all right.

I also thank the grocer who  
Is trusting, trusting still,  
The doctor, too, who doesn't sue  
Me for an out-lawed bill;  
I thank the friends who "loan" me yet,  
Willing that I should owe 'em,  
And—

I'll thank the editor, you bet,  
Who pays me for this poem.

☞ GET your rocker on a squeaky board, and the temptation to rock is almost irresistible.

☞ BREAK your word, and there is no cement that will mend it.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

It is said Nikola Tesla, electrician, now aspires  
To send telegraphic messages without the use of wires.  
Out from elevated terminals where the atmosphere is rare,  
By high pressure he will send electric currents through  
the air!

He will also transmit power many thousand miles away,  
Make Niagara run the factories in Europe—so they say.

He will have a line to Jupiter, they tell me, pretty soon  
Will be sending wireless cables to the man up in the moon  
And the girl, too (oh, there *is* one, so you needn't start  
to laugh),

For there is no earthly limit to the wireless telegraph.  
He, no doubt, thinks his invention, with two million volts  
or more,

Is more wonderful than anything we ever saw before.

But that's nothing; I for several years (at least two and a  
half),

Have been telegraphing Bessie on the wireless telegraph.  
She's a very pretty maiden living just across the way,  
And we telegraph each other many, many times a day.  
From my eyes I send this message: "Do you really love  
me true?"

Then she answers with a smile which means: "Oh, yes,  
indeed I do!"

They are wireless, and transmitted by a system we devise,  
And the only instruments we use are our electric eyes—  
For long distance. But on evenings when we're not  
so far apart,

And I want to send a little message down into her  
heart,  
I put by the wireless system, to make sure there are no  
slips,  
And 'tis then there is a clicking, clicking of high-pressure  
lips!

## A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Why was Dame Nature so unkind to me?  
It's just my fate.  
Instead of curly, as it ought to be,  
My hair is straight!  
Each night a row of papers held with pins  
My head environs,  
My life's one endless drudgery of tins  
And curling irons!  
A thousand ways to curl it I've devised,  
I've used the many Curlines advertised;  
But still my brain with hopelessness is whirled  
It won't stay curled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why did de Lawd dun make dis wool ob mine  
So full ob kinks?  
He'd jus'as well uh made it long an' fine  
An' straight, I tinks.  
I'se oil'd and oil'd dis wool, an' breshed it back  
A heap, I klahr!

☞ THE man who said "There is reason in all things,"  
forgot to make an exception of a jealous woman.



An' tried a pow'ful sight to mek it lak  
De white folks' hahr.  
Ise used dem drug perskipshuns from de sto'—  
Indeed I has, but 'taint no use no mo'.  
It am no use to bresh dem kinks an' fuss;  
Dey jus' gets wuss.

## GO 'LONG CHILE

Say yo' lak t' marry me,  
Dat I's got de style,  
An' am sweet as sweet kin be?  
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!  
Doan' yo' be a-talkin' so,  
You's a-foolin' me, I know,  
Dis hyar niggah ain't so slow—  
*Go 'long, go 'long, chile!*

Say we'll hab a brownstone front?  
Dat der meks me smile,  
Meks dis niggah sorter grunt—  
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!  
Brownstone front *you's* t'inkin' 'bout  
'S jus' a cave you's holler'd out  
Down de quarry, frontin' sout'!  
*Go 'long, go 'long, chile!*

Say dat yo' has got some money  
Comin' aftah while?  
Say yo' wants me for yo' honey!  
*Go 'long, go 'long, chile!*

Dat ole ship's a-gwine t' sink,  
She'm gwine t' sink an' spill de chink:  
Cain't fool dis niggah, needn't t'ink—  
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Den you's in lub wid Lizer *Jane*—  
I know'd it all de while.  
Yo' said she's sweet as sugah-cane—  
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!  
She tole me so dis aftahnoon;  
So yo' jus' mosey mighty soon,  
An' quit yo're triflin' wid dis coon—  
Now go 'long, go 'long, chile!

## THY HAND

If could hold thy hand, oh, maid, divine,  
I'd happy be—the world would all be mine!  
My soul would drift on high,  
My bliss (ah, me, I sigh!)  
Would be completed if I  
Could hold thy hand.

If I could hold thy hand, sweet Eleanore,  
I'd lucky be—I'd ask for nothing more.  
With it I could defy  
The pricks of sorrow. Why,  
I would be rich if I  
Could hold thy hand!

If I could hold thy hand a moment now,  
All things before my great delight would bow  
Those royal four—oh my,

The jackpot I would try  
To gather in if I  
Could hold thy hand!

## A DEAR, DEPARTED

Farewell, my little shirt-waist blue,  
We're thro' now for the Summer season;  
I owe my conquests all to you—  
If not, I'd like to know the reason.

Without *your* sweet and graceful aid,  
Your softly waving undulations,  
I never, never could have made  
Successful all those gay flirtations.

You caught the Marquis at first glance,  
You captivated Count de Hummer;  
The Duke hung 'round me ev'ry chance—  
Ah, you have served me well this Summer.

'Tis hard, indeed, to say farewell  
To those we love with deepest passion;  
But then, of course, we cannot tell,  
Next year you may be out of fashion.

And so, adieu, my shirt-waist dim!  
Fast to a letter I will pin you,  
And send you far away to him  
Who loved me best

When

I

was

in you!

## A CHANGE

About a month or so ago my life was free from care,  
My home was full of happiness, with sunshine everywhere;  
But now there's endless trouble, I a certain sadness feel:  
My days are full of anxiousness—my daughter has a wheel.

She rides it in the morning, on the walk and in the street,  
She rides it at her "nooning" hour, amid the dust and heat;  
She rides it in the evening, when the shadows softly steal—  
There's nothing else but riding, now my daughter has a wheel.

To keep her off the crowded street 'most constantly I beg,  
And worry all the time for fear she'll fall and break a leg;  
But still she goes, a-spinning, heeding little my appeal—  
Oh, what a burden life is since my daughter has a wheel.

She used to like to study—why she'd study like a Turk!  
She used to like to sweep, and help her mother with the work;

But now it's very different, there is quite another "deal";  
The house has undergone a change—my daughter has a wheel!

## MY FAVORITE GIRL

The biking girl may be all right,  
And the golfing girl as well:  
The bathing girl be out of sight,  
And the coaching girl a swell;  
The girl from college I've no doubt  
The latest "yell" can holler—  
But the girl *I* care the most about  
Is the girl on the silver dollar.

(71)

## WRONGLY ACCUSED

The summer's here, and so am I—  
The summer girl,  
The giddy whirl  
Of fashion now again to try;  
To flirt, be flirted with, and then  
Bestow my heart;  
Then quarrel and part  
And play the same old game again.

'Tis thus that I am charged. I swear  
I'm wrongly used,  
To be accused  
Of this. It's shamefully unfair!  
For I love George most true, profound—  
That is, when Fred,  
And Will and Ed  
And Joe and Ted are not around.

☞ **SUCCESS** is the dividend paid by **Honesty** and **Perseverance**.

☞ **TRUE** generosity is giving away something you can use yourself.

☞ **SOME** people are so tall in their own estimation that the admiration of others never reaches them.

☞ **A YELLOW** dog may be ugly, but he won't sun burn.

☞ **EVEN** a strong man is sometimes unable to hold his temper.

☞ **IT** is always the fellow a girl doesn't like that hurries to invite her to the party first.

## IN MEMORY OF MISS RUTH RED

She strolled across the meadow sweet—

Her dress was red:

Among the daisies took her seat—

Her dress was red;

She revelled in the sweet perfume

Arising from the clover bloom,

Unconscious of her coming doom—

Her dress was red.

She sang among the flowers there

(Her dress was red):—

“I want to be an angel fair,”

Her dress was red.

“I want to march in Heaven about,

And with the little angels shout!”

A bull came by and helped her out—

Her dress was red.

## WAR SONG

The rapid-firing Hotchkiss may

Be very good indeed

To get the shots in thick and fast

In times of direst need;

The Hotchkiss very likely suits

Some people, but, you see,

The good old-fashioned Commonkiss

Is good enough for me.

ONCE in, there is no benzine that will take the stain out  
of a man's honor.

## HIS REASON

You ask me why I love you so.  
Is it your pretty face,  
Your voice so sweetly soft and low,  
Is it your queenly grace?  
Is it your modesty I prize,  
Your disposition sweet?  
Is it the magic of your eyes  
That draws me to your feet?

Ah, no! Nor yet your music grand,  
Nor yet again your art.  
'Tis none of these, pray understand,  
That captivates my heart,  
But simply this (and I will stake  
Upon it my last "red"):  
I love you, dear, because you make  
Such sweet delicious bread!

¶ A WOMAN's face is the page upon which the sad part of her history is written.

¶ ROCK of ages: the motion of the cradle.

¶ You can't realize how few dollars there are in a five-dollar bill until you break it.

¶ LEND a man your hand, and he will soon want your whole arm.

¶ CONCEPT is the child of flattery.

¶ SOME men talk little, and say much; others talk much and say nothing.

# *Child Verse*





## THE LITTLE WILDFLOWERS

The little Wildflowers to sleep have gone,  
    'Way down in their cozy beds;  
A thick brown blanket of leaves they've drawn  
    Right over their little heads.  
For well they know cold weather's about—  
    The time when Jack Frost appears,  
And that some night, if they don't watch out,  
    He'll come and bite off their ears.

They know that his partner, Mr. Snow,  
    Will also in time be due,  
For old Mother Nature told them so,  
    And they know that it must be true.  
So, tightly tucked in their beds, they lie,  
    And laugh, in their dreams so fair,  
To think that neither, in passing by,  
    Will be able to find them there!

The little Wildflowers are tired of play,  
    And weary of field and sun;  
The birds and the bees have gone away,  
    The song of the rain is done;  
So now they nod on their beds of sod,  
    While winter winds o'er them sing,  
And sleep so deep, knowing well that God  
    Will awaken them in the spring.

## WHEN I W'S TWELVE

When I w's twelve I know'd a ter'ble lot—  
Nobody couldn't tell me what w's what!

Tho' I w's ruther small,

I tell y' I felt tall—

Jes thought I know'd it all when I w's twelve.

When I w's twelve years old, long time ago,  
Thur wuzent nothin' much I didn't know.

You scurcely ever saw

A smarter chap—why, pshaw!—

Know'd more'n Ma or Pa when I w's twelve.

When I w's twelve—why, bless me, I could tell  
Old Mister Noah Webster how t' spell!

Thur wa'n't no doubt 'bout that,

Fer I jes beat 'im flat

A-spellin' dogg an' kat when I w's twelve.

When I w's twelve—th' age when boys is smart—  
I know'd the figger tables off by heart;

Did probluns on my slate;

Know'd two-t'ms three w's eight.

Oh, I could calkerlate when I w's twelve.

When I w's twelve I thought I's smart, y' bet,  
But now, at fifty, find I'm learnin' yet.

An' so through life I go,

A-studyin', sure an' slow,

The things I didn't know when I w's twelve.

## THE FUNDER-MAN AND RAIN MAN

“I know what makes the rain,” said Bess  
To little brother Will.

“I’ll tell you all about it, if  
Y’ll ist keep awful still.

“Y’ see, ’way up above us—oh,  
So awful far ’n’ high,  
The Funder-Man ’n’ Rain-Man lives,  
They lives up in the sky.

“They’s got their houses in the clouds  
Ist hid away somewheres.  
Y’ can’t go up to see ’em, ’cause  
They ain’t got any stairs.

“The Rain-Man thinks he owns the clouds,  
’N’ fusses every day  
With Funder-Man because he can’t  
Have everything his way.

“But Funder-Man ist points at ’im  
’N’ shames ’im awful hard;  
Then Rain-Man’s sorry—’vites ’im to  
Play over in his yard.

“Although they’s friends, ’n’ gets along  
Like all good neighbors should,  
Sometimes the Funder-Man gets mad  
’N’ whips the Rain-Man good;

“Growls at 'im— 'Rumble-bumble!’ (you  
Can hear it ist as plain),  
Then Rain-Main cries, 'n' cries, 'n' cries !  
'N' that's what makes the rain.”

## A LULLABY

'The little eyes have lost their light  
In slumber deep;  
My baby boy has said good night  
And gone to sleep.  
The little toys are put away;  
The dimpled hands, tired out with play,  
Beside the tiny pillow lay.  
Sleep, baby, sleep——  
My precious baby, sleep!

## MAMMA'S P'ECIOUS DIRL

Dess you wonders who I am,  
Wiv my pittty s'oes,  
An' my 'ittle hat tied on  
So it tannot lose;  
An' my jess 'at mamma made—  
See my ying, it's pearl!  
Dot a lot of fings, betause  
I'm mamma's p'ecious dirL.

Doughin' down to Sadie's house—  
Mamma said I tould;  
Said I must tum home at six  
An' be awsel dood.  
Sadie's dot some rabbits an'  
A white mouse an' a 'quir'l—  
Won't none of 'em bite me, tause  
I'm mamma's p'ecious dirL.

Dot a woolly sheep at home  
What tan holler "bah!"  
When you 'queeze 'im, an' a doll  
What tan say "mamma!"  
Dot anuzzer wiv blue eyes  
An' a dolden turl,  
An' a whole big lot of toys—  
For mamma's p'ecious dirL.

'Fore I doughs to s'leep at night  
Wiv mamma up 'tairs  
She kneels right down by the bed  
An' helps me say my p'ayers,

Askin' Dod to b'ess me, well  
As all 'at's in the worl'—  
But den I dess He would, betause  
I'm mamma's p'ecious dirl.

## A BIRTHDAY SONG

*Every line of this is written  
To a little fairy-girl.  
I can see her yet in fancy:  
Rosy cheeks and hair a-curl;  
Every smile is like a sunbeam;  
Unaffected are her ways;  
Gentleness and loving kindness  
Rule throughout her happy days.  
And her name—well, if I haven't  
(What a clown)  
Made it, bless me, upside down !*

## LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE

Little Wide-Awake's so merry,  
Full of roguish little tricks,  
Always into mischief—very  
Fond of waking me at six;  
Climbs upon me every morning  
In her little "night-ee" clothes,  
And, without a bit of warning,  
Goes to pounding on my nose!

Then she pulls my hair, and fumbles  
At my eyelids, saying—"Peep!"  
Then upon my face she tumbles  
(Never thinks I want to sleep),  
When I playfully surprise her  
With a sudden "Boo!" why, then  
This dear little early riser  
Wants to "p'ay it over 'gain."

Sometimes Wide-Awake's a worry —  
Tries to scratch me in the eye,  
But pretends she's very sorry  
When she sees it makes me cry  
(For she doesn't know I'm "funning"),  
And, with arm around my neck,  
Pats my cheek and says, so cunning:  
"Love 'oo bushel an' a peck!"

But with all her pranks I love her,  
Little darling, tenderly,  
May the love of God above her  
Always keep her safe for me.



Let her, with her fun creations,  
Wake me daily; I'd not take  
All the wealth of all the nations  
For my Little Wide-Awake.

## TOMMY TO THE TURKEY

Look here, old Mister Turkey,  
Y' needn't get s' gay—  
A-gobblin' s' sassy  
An' struttin' round that way!

I guess y' think you're bigger  
'N' me, an' *know* the most,  
An' think that you have skeered me  
Because I'm up a post.

But shucks! If I's a-mind to,  
I'd ketch y', so I would!  
Y' bet if my big brother  
Wuz here, I'd lick y' good!

I'd get down *now* an' do it,  
If I jus' *wanted* to,  
Old funny Mister Smarty—  
Nobody's 'fraid of *you*!

So gobble, gibble, gubble,  
An' gobble till you're through,  
Old Turkey, but on Christmas  
You bet I'll gobble you.

## TO THE LITTLE JOHNNY-BOYS

When your mamma says you mustn't  
Pull the little kitten's tail;  
Tells you not to singe its whiskers,  
Nor to douse it in the pail;  
Tells you not to tease your sister,  
Nor to make the baby cry,  
Making funny sort of faces—  
Never stop and ask her "*why?*"

When she tells you that you mustn't  
Knock the apples off the trees,  
Mustn't take a stick and, just for  
Fun, go poke the hive of bees;  
Tells you not to rob the bird's nest  
In the cherry tree, so high,  
It is better to obey her—  
Never stop and ask her "*why?*"

When, some day, you've been in swimming,  
And come home all mud and dirt,  
With your trousers torn, and stockings,  
And your toes and fingers hurt,  
She looks at you sort-a straight-like,  
With a sober kind of eye,  
And says: "bring me in a switch, sir—"  
Never stop and ask her "*why?*"

## IF YOU'RE GOOD

Santa Claus 'll come tonight,  
If you're *good*,  
And do what you know is right,  
As you should;  
Down the chimney he will creep,  
Bringing you a woolly sheep,  
And a doll that goes to sleep;—  
If you're *good*.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh  
Thro' the wood,  
But he'll come around this way  
If you're good,  
With a wind-up bird that sings,  
And a puzzle made of rings—  
Jumping-jacks and funny things—  
If you're *good*.

He will bring you cars that "go,"  
If you're good,  
And a rocking-horsey—*oh!*  
If he would!  
And a dolly, if you please,  
That says "Mama!" when you squeeze  
It—he'll bring you one of these,  
If you're *good*.

Santa grieves when you are bad,  
As he should;  
But it makes him very glad  
When you're good.

He is wise, and he's a dear;  
Just do right and never fear;  
He'll remember you each year,  
    If you're *good*.

## WILL AND WON'T

Will and Won't were two little boys  
    Who lived in the land of Stir.  
And if you listen, I'll tell you all  
    Just what kind of boys they were.

Will was very industrious—  
    A boy who was fond of work;  
But Won't was lazy as could be—  
    A boy who would always shirk.  
When Will was told he must do a thing,  
    He saw to it right away,  
While Won't put off till tomorrow  
    The work he should do to-day.

Will was a boy who had a smile  
    For everyone he knew,  
And he minded what his parents said—  
    Was good to his sister, too.  
But Won't was a boy who snarled and frowned,  
    To others he gave no joy;  
And the people used to say of him:—  
    “Why, there goes the Snarley Boy!”

Both of them finally grew to old men.  
    Will had a fortune, and more:  
He had the respect of all, but Won't  
    Was begging from door to door.

## SISTER

I used to tease my sister (just  
To have a little fun);  
I'd play I wuz a-goin' to shoot  
Her ears off with a gun;  
I'd slip right behind her, easy-  
Like, and make it pop !  
And then she'd jump and holler :  
"Now don't ! Stop !"

I used to say I'd ketch 'er—that  
I wuz a big gy-raffe !  
And when she'd go to bawlin' I'd  
Just call her "Cowardy-calf !"  
And sometimes in her lap a cater-  
Pillar I would drop.  
And then, you better bet, she'd yell:  
"Now don't ! Stop !"

I used to pull her bows undone,  
And muss her hair all up;  
I used to get her in the barn  
And "sic" her with my pup;  
I used to pinch her on the arms  
And make her dance and hop  
Until she'd yell like everything:  
"Now don't ! Stop !"

I'm still a kid, but she is now  
Growed up and got a beau.  
Last night I peeked in through the par-  
Lor shutters, and—by Joe!

I seen— I seen— I seen him hug  
And kiss her quick, ker-pop !  
And sis' just hung her head and said :  
“Now don't stop. Don't stop, don't stop!”

## MOTHER GOOSE TO DATE

Sing a song of Christmas,  
Stockings full of toys—  
Jumping-jacks and dollies  
For the girls and boys;  
When they all were opened  
The dolls began to sing,  
The jumping-jacks were jumping—  
Oh, what a funny thing !

Papa in the bedroom,  
Sleeping very sound;  
Mamma up and dressing,  
Hurrying around;  
Posie running down the stairs  
Buttoning his clothes—  
When up jumped a jumping-jack  
And snapped off his nose.

\* \* \*

Little Miss Buffin  
She sat on a muffin  
Eating a piece of pie;  
And while she was stuffin',  
The muffin went puffin'  
And raised her clear up in the sky !

\* \* \*

Humpty Dumpty on the ice,  
Thought that he was skating nice;  
Thought he'd do a funny thing—  
Try to cut the "pigeon wing".

So old Mister Humpty Dump,  
With a little swing and jump,  
Gave a short conceited cough,  
Fell and broke his Humpty off !

\* \* \*

Jack and Jill  
Slid down the hill  
Upon their new toboggan;  
Off went Jack  
Upon his back,  
But Jill kept on a "joggin" !

\* \* \*

Little Jack Hoeker  
Sat in the smoker,  
His first cigarette to try;  
That night while in bed,  
He hung down his head,  
And said: "What a sick boy am I."

\* \* \*

Mew, mew, Mother Cat,  
Have you got a mouse ?  
Yes, dear, I caught three  
Under the house.  
One for my white kitten,  
One for the gray,  
And one for the baby kitten  
Up in the hay.



## WADIN' DOWN AT MARVIN'S SPRING

Wadin' down at Marvin's Spring!  
What a pile of fun—by Jing,  
Y'ought to seen us in! What's that,  
Say you don't know where it's at?  
Don't know Marvin's Spring—gee whizz,  
Say you don't know where it is!

Don't know where the woods is thick  
'Long a shady little crick,  
Where they's stones an' rotton logs,  
Minneys, crawfishes an' frogs,  
Where old Mister Redbird sings,  
Where's they's lizzards, snakes an' things,  
Devil-spiders an' all such?  
If y' don't, y' don't know much.

Thought that everybody knowed.  
Well—y' just go down the road  
From our house, 'bout half a mile,  
An' then turn East, an' after while  
You come to Grandma's meadow where  
A gate lets in—an' then you're there.

Now I guess you know the way.  
Well we's all down there today:  
Erma, "Fluff," Lucile an' me,  
An' the dog an' Bob—y' see,  
He's got ears just like a sail,  
An' the cutest little tail

(Mean the dog, not Bob, y' know).  
An' cousin Nell, she had t' go,  
To be—I'll tell you pretty soon,  
To be—to be—our Chiperoon.  
Don't know what that is but guess  
One 'at fastens up y'r dress,  
'Cause she pinned up all our skirts,  
Pinned our pants an' pinned our shirts,  
Pinned us till we looked about  
Like a washin' hangin' out.

Then we waded with a stick  
Up and down the rocky crick,  
Splashin' water on our clothes,  
Pullin' leeches off our toes;  
Then we got out on the mud,  
Slapped our bare feet down—cu—spud!  
Gee! You ought to seen it fly!  
Fun! I just thought Nell'd die  
Laughin'. How the old mud flew!  
Even made the dog laugh, too.

Honest, now, that ain't no wind.  
Anyhow, you bet he grinned,  
'Cause I seen 'im—on the log,  
'F you don't believe it, ask the dog.  
Aw-w-w! You needn't wink your eye,  
Guess 'at my dog wouldn't lie!  
So 'f you want a pile o' fun,  
Some day when your work is done,  
Come go 'long with me, by Jing!  
Wadin' down at Marvin's Spring.



## A REQUEST

When the last of my verses are written  
And the final life-chapter is done,  
When the pictures of earth have all faded  
And the days and the nights are as one;—

I would sleep on the hill 'neath the grasses,  
Where the stars may look down from above,  
Where the light-footed wind, as it passes,  
Softly whispers a message of love.

I would ever lie close unto Nature,  
Near the little wild-flowers I knew,  
And the birds and the bees and the crickets—  
They're the friends that I know will be true.

And the children—I want them around me,  
Let them sing me a song, bending near,  
Sing a song of the glory of Nature,  
And I'm sure, I am sure I shall hear.







